

The Klamath News

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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

April 18, 1929
LOOK AND LIVE—I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me.—Micah 7:7.
PRAYER—"O let me feel Thee near me, Lord."

A TREAT AT A HOSPITAL

Today the public is cordially invited to visit the newly constructed and modernly equipped Hillside Hospital. They are invited, while well, to visit a place that may be a welcome haven if they become ill.

The hospital is the culmination of a dream of Dr. George Merryman who for many years has been a prominent physician and has nursed the ills of the people of Klamath county. Dr. Merryman, as other members of his profession, wanted a model place in which to do the important work of saving lives and caring ills. Because he knows of that desire, the hospital will be open to all doctors who wish to take patients there.

The hospital has the latest and best equipment available. The physical construction of the building is modeled to humor the sensibilities of the sick and provide for their comfort. It is a pleasure as well as educational to see the rooms, the conveniences, and the equipment.

The hospital marks the growth of the Klamath empire and is in keeping with the progressiveness of the people here. If you haven't visited the new institution you should avail yourself of the opportunity to day. Courtesy has already started at the doors of the place that will in the future harbor those who suffer and courtesy always is an aid and a cure.

CROWDED COURTHOUSES

The county court yesterday found it again necessary to shift the officers of the county from one room to another, a trade of rooms to enable the use of all available space.

County officers must have room. The county clerk's office is becoming crowded for room to store valuable records. A courthouse that a few years ago seemed amply large for many years to come is now crowded to capacity.

The third floor of the building is used for a jail for trustees. Klamath has a

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

**Who Sold the Lady's Liquor?
Hard Fight in Mexico
The Power of Comparison
French Compliment Ford**

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MR. SMITH and Mr. Bell went to a party. Mr. Smith got drunk. Mr. Bell remained sober. Mr. Smith, according to evidence, was determined to take home a lady brought by Mr. Bell. Followed a discussion. Mr. Smith fell, or was pushed, cracked his skull, died.

THE jury refuses to indict Mr. Bell. Men who drink bootleg liquors must take the consequences, unless actual murder can be proved.

What about the gentleman that sold to the "lady prominent in Park avenue social circles" the liquor that Mr. Smith drank before he was killed?

Nobody seems to be interested in him.

REBELS in Mexico appear to have the better of an important battle with federal troops. Bloody fighting is reported.

The Associated Press referring to the revolutionists as "religious rebels," describes them rushing into battle with desperate courage, shouting "Vive Christo rey." (long live Christ the king.)

THOSE that possess the power of comparison are strong. Shakespeare caused Caesar to compare himself with the northern star, and compares the feeling of jealousy to a road, living upon the vapor of a dungeon.

IN France, citizens wait in line to buy stock in a French Ford company. More than 100,000 applications have been received.

In Holland, citizens have subscribed for 50 times as much stock as Ford has for sale. Very pleasant compliments for Henry Ford.

HOW maddening it must be for some of the get-rich-quick printing gentlemen to see such a marvelous opportunity wasted. If they were Ford they would print the stock that anybody could buy, and then more.

large separate jail building. Perhaps the third floor of the courthouse might be remodeled, and prisoners put in a jail where they would be unable to break out.

Hoover wants the pure in heart to control the party organization in the South. People always expect more of new converts.

Well, what if a flapper can't win a good husband? Does a colt enjoy being hitched with a good work horse?

As further proof that wealth isn't everything, observe that the rich man's blue serge collects just as much lint as yours.

Why not concentrate all effort in one great Society to Meddle With Other People's Affairs?

Flapper version: I care not who makes the country's laws if I can make a few rich guys.

A lucky man is one who plays the sucker and learns his lesson before he has much to lose.

Every town has a few old timers who were prominent citizens before they decided to outguess Wall Street.

Americanism: Parents who make sacrifices to educate youngsters who are ashamed of them.

You may paint, you may powder a face if you will, but the back of the neck will reveal the age still.

It's still a hick town if it feels chesty about getting a lodge convention.

PROFESSOR MICHELSON, of Chicago university, a real scientist, says every man should live "as long as he finds the world amusing." Then he might as well die.

A MAN should live as long as he can, making himself useful as long as he can, and then set a good example of patience with things as they are, continuing to take an interest in the universe when he can no longer be useful.

WE are here now, we see the earth and the stars, and can at least admire the inconceivable wisdom and power that manages nebulae and ant hills. We don't know what we shall see after this.

CHICAGO'S aldermen decide that ladies insist on taking off almost everything, when they go swimming. It is hopeless to control them. If they wear "something or other" it will be all right in Chicago this season.

THE world has traveled far from the day when women were driven from public beaches if they wore no stockings. Now all the backbone may show, except the last joint.

No need to worry, however. Give woman the right to wear nothing at all and she will immediately cover herself from head to foot. That's her nature.

Editor Admits Obscene Words

VANCOUVER, Wash., Apr. 27 (UP)—W. P. Dutton, publisher of the Washington Record and Battle Ground News, pleaded guilty to a charge of possession and utterance of obscene literature, and was sentenced to 40 days in jail.

Dutton was arrested Thursday by deputy sheriffs of a warrant sworn out by the prosecuting attorney's office to which a complaint had been made by a Battle Ground resident.

DEATHS

ABSOLOON VALENZUELA
Funeral arrangements for the late Absoloon Valenzuela will be announced Monday evening. The remains are in care of the Earl Whitlock Funeral Home, Pine avenue at Sixth, where friends may call.

2 DIE, 14 HURT IN CRASH

ROCK SPRINGS, Wyo., April 27. (UP)—Walter Merham of Rock Springs and Glen Burgess of Midwest were killed and 14 other employees of the Mountain Fuel Supply company were injured near here today when a truck in which they were riding skidded off a slippery roadway and overturned.

WITHDRAW CRUISERS

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Three light cruisers, the Memphis, Trenton and Milwaukee, sent to China last summer to protect American lives and property during the civil war there, have been ordered by the navy department to join the scouting fleet in the Atlantic. The three ships already have left Shanghai and are expected to arrive at Hampton Roads, Va., about June 27.

PRESIDENT DENIES REPORT

CHICAGO, April 27. (UP)—L. H. Piper, president of the Universal Aircraft Corporation, today denied published reports that the proposed merger between his company and the newly-formed aviation corporation had fallen through. Piper said the offer to stockholders to exchange for stock in the new company had not met with immediate and favorable response.

James Walsh, owner of the Sixth Street Men's Shoppe in Klamath Falls, has taken a three year leave on one of the rooms in the Hoosier building and will start a men's clothing establishment there in the next week. He expects to be open for business May 1.—Chiloquin Review.

N. H. Bogus, chief engineer for the O. C. & E., has signed up for membership in the Klamath county chamber of commerce. W. F. Sears of Sears and Owings, local insurance and real estate offices, is another new member added to the chamber of commerce.

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Definite Purpose in Life Is Key to Success; Frost Blight in California Not as Bad as Originally Reported; Shakes Off Gloom.

—By BRUCE DENNIS—

DEFINITE purpose is a great thing in life. It is great for the individual or the organization. This thought is brought to mind by the achievement of the Lions' club in its undertaking to uniform the high school band.

The Lions are banded together in an active civic club. The club is composed of men who do things and wanted a definite program of action. Selecting the uniforms for the high school band as an objective every member went to work. A few days ago the presentation was made by Lion Houston at a remarkable social gathering in the high school auditorium.

Definite purpose had won a great victory. And so it is throughout life. The fellow with a definite purpose gets somewhere; the organization with a definite purpose gets on the front page in its success.

It is the dilly-dallying mind that never concentrates which fails. The purposeless club or organization is a joke. When definite purpose takes charge of the individual watch him or her advance and climb.

What is your definite purpose? Have you one? If not, find one.

IF the Hot Springs addition residents form themselves into an improvement district and buy a park, put in a concrete bridge over the canal and install cluster lights throughout that section of the city it will be an example of civic pride that will very properly attract the attention of all Southern Oregon.

DON'T get gloomy—the new proposed mausoleum is only a port in a storm—the last port, by the way.

THANK goodness the storm in California was not so bad as first reported and there will still be a fruit-crop to use Klamath pine boxes.

All of which reminds us how each section of the country depends upon another. Perhaps a Klamath home owner when reading of the heavy frosts in Sacramento valley gave thanks that he was not affected, and yet the following day he realized that the storm had lessened the demand for box shooks here and the lessened demand for box shooks had lessened the demand for labor in Klamath box factories.

We are not entirely independent—no matter what we may think.

NOW, this is more like it: A Portland daily has decided to shake off the Oregon gloom and give the good side of things for a while. In a front page story a headline says "Sunny Shows Business Sound and Oregon Wealth Increasing."

The truth; and for once uttered in a smashing way that has weight.

Of late one would think the state was ready for another crusader, so poor had become the people here. You have noticed that Crusaders only prosper in hard times. Coxey had his day and was popular in his march on Washington. But the young Coxey who is now attempting to organize another army is merely capitalizing the old family name.

This country is not in a crusading mood at present. Nor is Oregon in such a mood.

THE mistake made in putting poor old Judge Hardy on the impeachment grill at Sacramento was shown when, after weeks of trial, he was acquitted by the state senate committee.

Poor sportsmanship is often found, even in California. If the Judge had done what was charged perhaps there was ground for impeachment but there is no evidence to show that he sold his judicial robes, or even made goo-goo eyes while on the bench.

THERE is a dot to the Battery D Monday night at Legion hall. The boys have worked hard to give this community a military organization. It is the best in the state and has won the Oregonian trophy. Show that you, too, are interested by attending Battery D social evening Monday night at Legion hall. No admission. Just a good time—and an appreciation by the people of the city.

SENATOR REFLIN is blowing off again. He reminds one of a little steam boiler that pops off at intervals. The senator sees the Pope of Rome in his dreams nightly.

RICH GIRL & POOR GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

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SYNOPSIS

Mildred Lawrence meets Stephen Armitage when he rescues her fox fur from a thief. Their friendship grows until Pamela Judson, daughter of Mildred's employer, tries to lure him away from her. Huck Connor becomes infatuated with Pamela and she plays both men. Her brother, Harold, is in love with Mildred, who tries to keep him from gambling with Huck's crowd.

Mildred has to stay home a week because of an accident to her mother. Both men call and when Pamela finds it out she tells Stephen that Mildred is trying to marry Harold for his money. He defends her and Pamela cables her father to discharge her. Harold tries to have Mildred reinstated but to no avail. Pamela succeeds in poisoning Stephen's mind against Mildred and the latter faces dreary days in search of work.

Huck becomes insistent and Pamela plans to break with him. So she snubs him in Stephen's presence and when he objects tells him that they are engaged. Stephen protests when they are alone and she says that was the only way she could get rid of Huck. She pleads with him to confirm the engagement.

Meanwhile, Huck summons Harold and commands him to prevent Pamela's marriage to

that. Don't worry. The sale's made. I just want to have a friend look 'er over."

Stephen saw no reason for refusing.

"Give you a check for the full amount when you get back to New York," Lefty went on reassuringly. "Turn to the left at the light and cross the tracks."

Stephen followed his directions, a little puzzled about their destination. It surely looked like a low class neighborhood, he thought, glancing at the row of shacks that bordered the badly rutted road.

A bit farther on they struck a stretch of asphalt that was newly patched and Stephen increased their speed.

"Take it easy," Lefty advised. "We haven't far to go."

Stephen slowed and looked around. They were now in a section of small, unprosperous factories and deserted, ramshackle buildings, with now and then a wooden dwelling jammed between them, overcome by the progress of industry.

"Over there," Lefty said, indicating a post-colonial house that stood on a corner. Its wide veranda sagged at one corner

Lefty and J. B. and threw it over a nearby chair.

And in a pocket of it he had thrust the keys to the car. Two others in that room knew this as well as he. In a word and a gesture Lefty had imparted the information to the bartender as soon as he'd entered the place.

A quick glance when the bartender came for their order, a sly movement with his foot, and the chair, with Stephen's coat, had been pushed aside, almost out of his sight.

There was a delay after that and Lefty began to tell J. B. about "his" new car, prating it to the sky.

"Let's have a look at it," the other said.

"Sure," Lefty agreed. "In a minute. Here's Gungahe Dhu."

They still lingered over their glasses when, a few minutes later, an electric player piano suddenly emitted a raucous burst of sound. It filled the air with deafening clamor, drowning out conversation, though Lefty went right on talking, his voice raised to a high pitch.

The noise got on Stephen's nerves. He looked in the direction whence it came, deliberating

that spread alarm to every thinking portion of his brain.

The driveway was empty! The gleaming, powerful thing of beauty and speed that he had left standing there a half hour before was gone.

He clapped his hand to his coat pocket. His keys likewise were missing. Amusement and consternation battled for the uppermost position in his mind. Consternation won.

"Good God! The car's been stolen!" he said hoarsely.

"Sure looks like it," J. B. agreed, affecting uneasiness.

"Didn't you lock it like I told you?" Lefty asked accusingly.

Stephen nodded, his lips now grimly compressed. He was fast beginning to realize that he was in a bad position.

"Well, you got your keys, ain't you?" Lefty pressed, "for the insurance people?"

Stephen wheeled upon him, suddenly bursting into anger. "What kind of a joint is this?" he demanded.

Lefty bridled. "You didn't take the bus inside with you," he answered tartly.

"But I took my keys," Stephen told him, "and they were stolen from my coat pocket."

"Aw, hell, you probably left them in the lock," Lefty sneered with a touch of indifference.

But Stephen was not heeding. He had dashed back into the house and was making for the rear room. A thorough search there convinced him that the keys had not fallen out of his pocket to the floor.

He gave up looking further for them, knowing that he was using valuable time.

"Where's your phone?" he snapped at J. B., who had followed him. The latter pointed to an instrument in the corner of the room.

In a trice Stephen had reached it and was urging the operator to give him the nearest police station without delay. When the connection was made Stephen briefly outlined what had happened, giving the license number and other required information. The sergeant on duty said he would have a man at the place in a few minutes. Stephen was told to remain where he was.

While he waited Stephen called the office and asked for Mr. Mettle. His hand shook as he held the receiver to his ear and listened for his employer's voice.

Telling old D.A.M. that he had lost one of their finest cars wasn't going to be fun, Stephen knew.

"Well?" Mr. Mettle rumbled after what seemed an all too short but yet interminable wait. "This is Armitage," Stephen began, but Mr. Mettle cut in on him.

"I know that," he said. "What's the trouble?"

Stephen let him have it like an explosion.

"The car's been stolen," he said directly, unable to approach his confession in a roundabout way.

"What?" yelled the other, and if ever Mr. Mettle came close to having apoplexy it was at that moment. He was so overcome that he was speechless. Stephen was able to finish his story without interruptions.

"Where are you?" finally Mr. Mettle asked him weakly.

Stephen told him that, adding: "I'm waiting for the police."

"Come in when they're through with you," his employer ordered. "I'll wait for you." He hung up with a bang and Stephen groaned.

"Here's your police," Lefty stuck his head into the door to say, and Stephen went out to where an officer was parking a motorcycle.

Again he went over the story of the theft of the car, this time answering a great number of more pertinent questions.

The officer shook his head. "We've telephoned the license number for miles around," he said, "but a fast car like that has a good chance to get away."

"How about the keys?" Stephen asked. "Someone in this place picked them out of my pocket."

The officer turned to J. B. who was standing nearby, his hands in his trousers' pockets and a worried look upon his countenance.

"Looking for trouble?" he inquired, a threatening note in his voice.

"Aw, now, Kelly," he protested. "That's what he says. My bet is he left 'em in the car and he's just alibin' to save his face."

"Who was in the room?" the officer questioned Stephen, without replying to J. B.

"Several men, all strangers to me, except this man and Lefty Flint," Stephen answered. "I want to come along to the station and make a complaint against anyone?" the officer went on. "This place has a bad name." He bent a hard look upon J. B. "Been a lot of



"The car's been stolen," he said directly . . . If ever Mr. Mettle came close to having apoplexy, it was at that moment.

Stephen under fear of exposure concerning a forged check. Harold tells him he can't force Pamela so Huck plans to dispose of Stephen.

A prospective purchaser guarantees that he will take a car if Stephen can make it do a hundred and insists on the new window model. Stephen takes him out for the demonstration.

CHAPTER XXV

"All right. Hold your breath and sit tight," Stephen admonished Lefty Flint, and in another minute they were flying along in a world gone mad.

Telephone poles, fences, trees, fields plowed for spring planting or still covered with winter-dried grass and weeds, became a confused, jumbling procession that drew past and were gone almost before its component parts could be identified.

Not that Stephen or Lefty noticed. The former kept his eyes glued to the road and Lefty never swerved his glance from the ever-mounting speedometer.

At a hundred and two he reached out and touched Stephen's arm. "O.K.," he yelled, but the words were lost in the rush of wind that fairly tore them from his lips.

Stephen understood his touch, however, and gradually the car slowed down to 30, to 20, to 10, and until it appeared to the two men to be creeping along at 50.

Then Stephen turned to his companion, a great grin on his face. "When she's done 10,000 miles," he said, "you can step her up to 100."

"Never mind," Lefty broke in. "I'm satisfied. Let's go. If there's a cop anywhere around and he saw that we'll get the works."

Stephen headed back toward the highway.

"Take the first turn to the right," Lefty directed when they reached it.

"Why not go back to the office?" Stephen asked. "We can't close the deal out here."

"Sure," Lefty agreed. "I know

and parts of the ornate woodwork that a generous-minded builder had bestowed upon it were missing.

The front door bore a name in weather-beaten paint, of a color to match the dreary dun of the house itself. Stephen just could make it out. "J. B.'s Place."

Whatever was meant by place, he told himself, beginning to dislike the idea of stopping there.

But the car practically belonged to Lefty, he reasoned. He remembered, too, a sale that had been lost at the last moment because of some small matter that had displeased the buyer. Lefty might get sore if he couldn't show the car to his friend, and refuse to take it. Stephen decided not to run the risk of offending him.

He turned in on the dirt driveway and stopped before the rickety front steps. Lefty sprang out at once.

"Lock 'er up and come in," he said authoritatively.

Stephen reached for his keys and unlocked the transmission gear, then followed Lefty into J. B.'s Place. He suspected that it was a speakeasy.

Lefty was at the soft drink bar asking for J. B. The bartender jerked a thumb toward the back of the house and muttered something too low for Stephen to hear.

Lefty turned and motioned Stephen to follow him. They went through a grimy hall to a rear room where they found the proprietor entertaining a few friends in private.

Stephen was introduced to him without formality, the man's initials appearing to serve as his full name.

"Have a drink?" he was asked, and Stephen said he would have beer.

The day had turned unexpectedly warm. The light tapout Stephen had downed when he left the office was uncomfortable indoors. He took it off before seating himself at a table with

a descent upon the instrument with intent to demolish it.

Lefty saw with satisfaction that his mind was, for the moment at least, taken off the car at the curb. Another thing he had seen with even greater satisfaction—a small happening that had escaped Stephen's notice.

With a swift, sure motion of one hand, while with the other he placed glasses on the table, the bartender had managed to extract the keys from the pocket of Stephen's topcoat and drop them into the pocket of his own jacket.

After that he had lost no time in quitting the room, and when the piano was started up Lefty listened anxiously for another sound to penetrate from the driveway to the rear of the house.

But all the windows and doors were closed and the covering noises were effective. There was not even the echo of a suspicious sound to hint at what was going on out in front of the house.

Stephen grew restless as Lefty continued to put off showing the car to J. B. Finally he glanced at his watch and rose, making some remark about the time being later than he thought.

Lefty got up, too, as did J. B. "Well, let's see what she looks like," J. B. said interestedly.